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AFTER THE YACHT RACE.

BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

IN accepting the courteous invitation of the Editor to say my say about the yacht race in these pages, I am delighted to repeat and to emphasize to the people and press of the United States, and to Mr. Iselin himself personally, my acknowledgements of their kindness and their fairness in all that related to me and to my challenge. Their fairness I took for granted from the first, as some readers of this REVIEW will, no doubt, remember. If any one else ever thought that the course could not be kept clear, for example, or that the challenger would be hampered in any way whatever, I do not envy him his reflections now. Captain Evans might well have hoisted the broom, as a symbol of the masterly way in which he swept those seas.

I went to America with high hopes of winning the Cup, and with the expectation of a friendly reception. My hopes have been disappointed, but my expectations have been far exceeded. Never can I forget the thousand and one acts of goodwill shown me during my stay in American waters, nor the multitude of friendly faces that watched my departure from her shores. I did not win the Cup, but I did secure a much better token—that of the abiding brotherhood of our two peoples.

Of the press, I should like to add a special word, and it will be this—that it showed itself always considerate in its most enterprising moments, and that I made in America many friends among journalistic masters of the art of concealing under a light style the labors incidental to the very efficient exercise of their professional duties.

The Government itself was in absolute accord with the popular sentiment, and its offer of a way of landing at Sandy Hook,

and of the use of its wires and its workshops, will always be held in memory by me, and I think I may add, without any nonsense, by a large number of my fellow-countrymen.

It was my good fortune to be present at the welcome given to Admiral Dewey, and to have a place in that wonderful procession, for which the two Jubilee processions in London had only partially prepared me; so that I had before me this great object lesson of America's fervent patriotism and of America's generosity of good feeling toward myself as the representative of another country. It was impossible not to be impressed by the one sentiment and the other, and doubly so by their existence in harmony together.

Many people have spoken to me of the useful revival in our own time of some of the offices fulfilled of old by the Olympian games. The athletic and poetic contests that took place between States of ancient Greece politically independent of each other and lying as far apart as Rhodes from Sicily—and that gave Pindar, from yet another State, the opportunity for an ode to the victor—did undoubtedly serve to create a national solidarity of race, of religion, even of literature and language. I do not see why the modern contests in cricket, in football, in yachting or in various other forms of sport, should not serve the same end to-day. My preference is with yachting, a form of contest that involves a high intelligence in designer and skipper, that has no taint of cruelty in its exercise, and that provides a spectacle as pretty as any in the world.

"Shamrock" bore her name with a purpose; yet she had no warmer wishes for her success in Ireland than she had in England, in Scotland, or in Wales. She had the colonies, too, to wish her good luck. She rode triumphantly over any seas dividing our own peoples; she gave us solidarity at home. Perhaps the uses of the race did not end wholly with this agreeable example of unity between the three kingdoms, or with the amity it exhibited between England and America. If the Book of Job had to be written again, a windless day off Sandy Hook, while two yachts were waiting to pit against each other their vast expanse of sail, might serve the purpose of the allegory. That was a school of patience in which it is something to have graduated, as did we who planned the race, and as did they who assembled to see it.

It is proverbially unwise to try to repeat a pleasant experiment. The repetition is apt to pall. Well, we are not all wise always. However, I can say no more on that subject, until I have had opportunities of consulting Mr. Fife, not yet recovered from the illness which was so unfortunate for himself during the contest, and unfortunate, perhaps, for the "Shamrock."

These are the reflections and recollections which arise in my mind as I recall the memorable weeks spent on the "Erin" in American waters; and I have really nothing to add, except one more most grateful acknowledgment of all the pleasure and instruction I derived from the whole episode—a pleasure with so many ramifications that the failure to lift the coveted Cup seemed hardly to diminish it.

THOMAS LIPTON.